







THE ORIGIN OF THE IDAHO CAMP



THE PICNIC OF LULA AND HER FRIENDS.

Chapter II.

Lula lifted her chair up close to the little table where her mother was sewing on. She got her best paper and an ordinary piece to write the names of the friends she was going to invite, so she should not forget them. Lula asked her mother who shall I invite? Her mother said alright dear. Lula asked her mother the first one. Her mother said: Miss Mary Jores, Miss Maybel Davis, Miss Eliabeth Richardson, Mr. Geo. B. Mantlome, Mr. Robert T. Butter, Miss Margrate Johnston, Miss Sarah Mantlow, Mr. R. R. Davis, in which I hope to see in print next Sunday. Oh, I lost my T. D. C. Badge, will you please send me one? I think the story by Flora M. Hullzzer is grand and I think the one by Zitalla Williams is just lovely. I wish she would write and draw every Sunday. Her stories are as good as a real story. Book will close, now as I know I have taken up too many spaces!!

zitelle Williams, if you keep on writing stories nice as you have been writing stories nice as you have been writing them, you can write a book. Please contribute every Sunday if you can. I will close, From your member.

I. ELISEBETH RICHARDS,
Tunstalls, Va., R. F. D. Box 81.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE INDIANS.

The Thanksgiving.

John andsPatty nelped their mother to get ready for thanksgiving. John took his cart and they went to the field for potatoes and turnips. They brought pumpking, too. Their mother made ples and many other good things. All the other Pilgrim mothers made good things, too. The Indians came to the feast and had according to the feast according to the feature to the feat came to the feast and had a very good time.

EVELYN SHARP.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC. We decided to have a picnic. We went to Hampden-Sidney. All of the children went on a truck and the grown people in the cars. We had three cars and a truck. When we got there it was about 10:30 o'clock. We went over in the boys' college. We had a fine time there. Then we went out on the campus and ato our dinner. We had such a nice time that none of us wanted to come home. Now we are going to have prizes from now until then. Then we are going to have a Christmas for those who don't miss any Sundays from now until then. Then we are going to have a Christmas for those who don't miss any Sundays from now until then. Then we are going to have a Christmas for those who don't miss any Sundays from now until then. Then we are going to have a Christmas for those who don't miss any Sundays from now until then. Then we are going to have a Christmas for the feet of the hill," explained Kitty, taking breath. "There's a girl about my age—Madge, her name is."

Other Letters

Sends Story.

Dear Editor.—1 am sending a story which I hope to see in the paper soon. I am also sending driving Hope they will escape Mr Wasiebasaet.

A member.

LAURA V. BLANTON.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor.—I was very glad to see my drawing in Sunday's paper, and I houe this one will escape the wastebasket.

Your new member.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor.—I am clad you printed my drawing Sunday before last, and now I saw encleans another drawing, which wish to set in print next Sunday.

Yours Stuly.

WEIGHT.

1418 Bainbridge St.,
South Richmond.

y. IRMA ATKINS.
Your member.
616 N. Twenty-first St.
Richmond. Va.

I hope will canture the nrize. I wont take up so much space, so will close.

With best wishes DELIAM V. EDINGTON, Mineral, Va., Box 105

A Sick Member.

Dear Editor.—I couldn't write for the T D. C. because I was sick, Editor I'm sending in which I complosed, which I complosed. For it to be in orint. The sending in ALICE L. BECKLE.

2039 W. Grace St.

Richmond.

It is Nice.

Dear Editor.—I am sending a charade that I hope to see in the paper Sunday. I think a bird contest would be fine.

Sincerely yours.

JOHN DAVID MEADE, age 5.

Addison, Va.

Sends Drawings.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in two drawings which I hope to see in print.

With love from

MALLOBY SPROUSE.

Vour member:

MARY LEIGH SEATON,
2419 Hanover Ave., city.

Not Always Room.

Dear Editor,—I did not see my drawing in the paper. I am going to send another one today. Hope I will see my drawing in the paper next Sunday. Hope it will miss Mr. Wystebasket.

Your member.

ANN MEREDITH NEWMAN.

Badge Received.

Badge Received.

Dear Editor.—I received my pin and thank you ever so much for it. I am sending in a charade and a drawing, which I hope to see in print Sunday.

Your new member HELEN CORA GLASS, age 9, 1851 Venable St., Richmond, Va.

Good Wishes.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a drawing, which I hope to see in the Children's Page next Sunday. Hope you and all the members of the club are well. With best wishes to all.
Your new member,
IRVIN PHELPS.
847 Twenty-fourth St.,
Newport News, Va.

Will Send It Soon.

Newport News, Va.

Newport News, Va.

Dear Editor,—I saw my name smong the prize winners today and though I've. of course, not received the prize. I thank you a thousand times for awardind it to tre. These excuse writing as my pen is broken and I cause the prize of the p

Puzzle Department

Jumbled Names of Girls. Bheleitay.

Haraa, Hdeti, Halcue, Turh, Rotyhdo,

6. Rotyndo. 7. Selei. 8. Yuel. 9. Teichsnot. 10. Hetle. By MILDRED QUISENBERRY.

A Charade.

My first is in T, but not in jug.
My second is in H, but not in bug.
My third is in O, but not in bell.
My fourth is in M, but not in sell.
My fifth is in A, but not in see.
My sixth is in S, but not in bee.
My seventh is in A, but not in ple.
My eighth is in E, but not in ple.
My eighth is in D, but not in pail.
My tenth is in I, but not in ball.
My eleventh is in S, but not in fear.
My tweifth is in O, but not in fear.
My thirteenth is in N, but not in fear.

Ores. Niez. Lbucha. Lemiy. Zhale. Zhale.
Rgeca.
Ttinalonee.
Ramei.
Ndea.
Hsredarr.
Ramaht.
Eaelbro.
Yma.
Turh.
Zleibatch.
Regedurt.
Teoyt.
Rlimima.
Daniu.

Composed by LUCY LONG.

A Charade.

first is in B, but not in boy,
second is in I, but not in idie,
third is in R, but not in ran,
fourth is in D, but not in day,
whole is in the name of somethat can sing very pretty,
ETHEL TYUS.

Part I. "Mother, I just can't stand that new

"But how did you know she was stuck up?" asked mother, with interest.

"Oh, she wouldn't speak to Lella and me at recess—just walked by with her head in the air."

"And did you and Lella speak to her and ask her to join in your play? Remember, she is a stranger, and you ought to make the first advances."

"But, mother, we wouldn't demean ourseives when she looked like that, and all dressed up in silk, too. My frock was only gingham, and Leila's was calleo. We couldn't go with young ladles dressed in silk."

"Perhaps she would rather have had on gingham, too, and had a good time." suggested mother. "It is never safe to judge too hastily, little daughter, unless you know all."

Kitty looked unconvinced, but she said no more.

("The Next Day," Part II.—To be Continued.

By HELEN KRITZER.

(Age 12.)

DRAKESTAIL.

room where the king and his ministers were dining. When they saw
him coming and beheld the gun, all
jumped through the window and
broke their necks. Drakestail was
laughing, for the gun was empty. All
at once he went to look for his
money. As he was going he was
thinking how he could get his money.
The city people went and took the
crown off of the king's head. They
went up to the throne and found
Drakestail sitting in it. He was proclaimed king.
"Get something to eat, I'm hungry."
said Drakestail.

(The End.)
HERMAN S. COHEN.

SUMMER LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

mean,
And when people came to look for him he could never be seen;
So one day he ran away and never came back to the last day of May.

Other people ran the sawmill that stood on the hill; When he came back he sold it to a man named Bill, And then this man named Bill, he lived on the hill, And started the mean man's old sawmill.



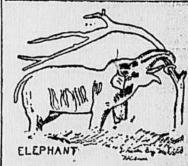


















Jumbled Names of Girls.

THE GIRL IN SILK.

LAURA VIRGINIA BLANTON.

MARY'S LESSONS.

Chapter I.

One sunny day Mary (as that was the girl's name) was taking her music lessons when there was a loud knock at the door. It was answered by her mother. To her surprise it was Mary's father, who was thought to be lost at sea. Mary is father was glad to see them. Mary was glad with fur. She's real stuck up about her fine clothes."

"But how did you know she was stuck up?" asked mother, with interest.

"Oh, she wouldn't speak to Lella and me at recess—just walked by with her head in the air."

"And did you and Lella speak to her and ask her to long in vour play?

JOHN DAVID MEADE, age 5.

Addison, Va.

Sends Drawings.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in two drawings which I hope to see in print.

With Ove from MALLOBY SPROUSE.

Welcome Bark.

My Dear Editor.—I have not sent in any thing for a long time, so I thought I would write now and send in thought I would write now and send in the for the page. I am sending in a drawing for the page. I am sending in something for the page. I am sending in something for the page. They wish to join the T. D. C.

C. I guess I will close as my letter is getting long.

Yours truly.

HELEN CLARK.

Likes Contest.

Dear Editor.—I know you think I have forgotten you but I have not. I am sending in a bluebird for the "Contest."

Thus close now as my letter is growing long.

Your member.

MARY LEIGH SEATON.

MARY LEIGH SEATON.

MARY LEIGH SEATON.

Pear Editor.—I did not see my drawing in the paper. I am going to send any other one today. Hope I will see my drawing in the paper mext Sunday. Hope it will miss Mr. Wystebasket.

Summer is the best time of the year in the country. The reason I like summer best of all is that we can get so many good things out of and muskmelon patch, besides the patch we have in the garden. Do you like whave in the garden. Do you like whave in the garden. Do you like muskmelons? I like to get a haif of one, a great big red fellow, and I always get it, too. I like muskmelon for breakfast. I can make a whole breakfast of them. Do you like muskmelons? I know you that, dor I love them. When I come from work in my garden then I go and get under a tree.

It is so beautiful around me! The birds are singing cheerfully for me and the whole world is so beautiful that it makes me long.

Your member.

Age 10—Original.

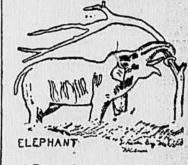
Age 10—Original.

THE SAWMILI-

THE SAWMILL

This man on the hill was very, very

Bubbles. Drawn by Jeanette Heymanson.



please excuse one has the fine of the fine

DRAKESTAIL. Chapter II.

Drakestail was going, going, singing quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back? At last he came to the city. When the king heard him coming he sent all the chickens he had to peck on Drakestail. Out flew friend Fox and made a feast of the chickens. Drakestail went to the palace.

When he went in the palace he saw a gun. He took it and went into the room where the king and his min-Sends Story.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a true story. I am in hopes of seeing it in the paper Sunday. Likes Contest,

Dear Editor.—I think that a bird contest will be just fine, although I suggested otherwise. Aten't we having beautiful weather. I am sure the birds are enloying it as much as we are. I have three correspondents now, and sure do enloy corresponding with them. I am mending in a drawing for the Bird Contest, which I hope will canjure the nize. I wout take

Once upon a time on a high hill.

A man lived there who owned a sawmill:

Close by the river the sawmill stood.

And every day it cut many logs of wood.

mill.
Composed by IRMA C. ATKINS.

you broken and I can't man give the broken and I can't man give the broken and I can't man give the broken and I have nover seen it yet. I didn't know whether you got it or not, but I will send one more just for luck. I have been in the country for three days, and had a good time. I saw lots of all kinds of birds and a pretty little nest, but nothing in it. Well I will close. Home! by tomorrow night!

Down by the east coast!

Down by the east coast!

Down by the east coast!

We're in the navy" they proudly boast.—

Home! they can hardly wait!

Guided by hands, anxious for home. Sends Drawing.

Dearest Editor.—I am sending a drawing and just a few lines, for I haven't much time for our school searcied today. I hope to see my drawing sent time soon over the bounding main, and please excuse blue ink this time. I God grant them mercy! home let them roam!



